

THE COMPANION.

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"Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

It is among the objects of the Companion, from time to time, to look into the more curious particulars in the lives of celebrated poets and wits, especially where a settlement of them appears to be wanting. It is remarkable, on turning over biographies even of the greatest repute (Dr Johnson's for one), to see how contented the authors are to repeat what has been told before them, searching for little or nothing in addition, and only giving some new turn of words to the style. We do not mean to undervalue the criticism of Johnson, up to a certain pitch. His remarks on the town poets and all beneath them are as masterly, as those upon the higher ones are now understood to be defective and uninformed. But like other biographers, he avoids trouble. He errs also, as Hume did in his History, in omitting anecdotes and characteristics, some of them of the most interesting description, as if he thought them too trifling to mention;—a mistake, more surprising even in Johnson than Hume; for the former was a good table companion; whereas we know of nothing to that effect about the philosopher, except the good round stomach which he condescended to have.

If the reader took up Johnson's Lives, and compared them with what might have been added to the stock of amusement, by a dili-

gent perusal of the *works* of the poets, he would be surprised to find how much the latter process can bring forth. Let him compare Gray for instance, or even Akenside. Pursuits, connexions, pieces of auto-biography, or helps to it, are all overlooked. In these two cases, political prejudice interposed to encourage the Doctor's indolence. In others, the want of relish for the finest poetry enabled him to omit some of the greatest names altogether; as his want of animal spirits did some of the most delightful, and his politics others. We have no Chaucer, no Spenser, no Suckling, no Andrew Marvell; but on the other hand we have Sprat. Sprat, though a minnow among the Tritons, was a bishop on dry land. There is also the Reverend Mr Stepney, and the Reverend Mr Harte, and the Reverend Mr Pitt, and the Reverend Mr Broome, and the Reverend Dr Yalden, and the Reverend Dr Watts,—all clergymen; and there is Mr Hughes, who though no clergyman, ought to have been one; and Blackmore, who preached the town deaf with bad poetry.

But we are wandering out of the record.—We begin with some passages in the life of Davenant, of whom a curious question has been raised, whether or not he was a son of Shakspeare's. By the way, what havoc would be made with people's proper names, if all whose lives were noticed, had their family pretensions inquired into! What plebeianizing of peers! What abdicating of monarchs! How many Tomkineses and Jenkinsees would suddenly be found figuring among Dukes and Marquisses! How many poor wits patronized by their brothers! And alas! how many footmen ordering about theirs! Perhaps there is not a dynasty in Europe (one, of course, excepted) which has any right to the throne. A prince may be like his predecessor; but what of grandfathers and great-grandfathers? And what of the good old times of Jesuits, and Confessors, and *Petits-Maitres*, and Carpet-Knights, and Chamber-Musicians? Somebody, speaking to Henry IV of France, called our James the First a Solomon. "Aye," returned Henry; "Solomon, the son of David." "Was your mother ever at Rome?" inquired Augustus of a young man who resembled him. "No, Sir; but my father was." Many poets, it is presumed, would be found to have as little pretension to their own names, as a multitude of

other lively people ; except that they generally come out of middle life, where the manners are staidier. Davenant's case is certainly not made out, as he wished it to be.

Was Davenant the Natural Son of Shakspeare?

This poet, who united in a more than ordinary degree the active with the contemplative life, and went through a greater number of adventures than falls to the lot of most of his brethren, was born at Oxford, in February 1605, and was the son of John Davenant, a citizen of repute, who kept an inn or tavern in that city. The biographers have not noticed the deduction; but as he had a brother who became chaplain to Bishop Davenant, it is not unlikely that the family were of the same ancient stock of the Davenants of Sible Heningham and Davenants-lands in Essex. Wit and scandal, however, have interfered to give him a profaner genealogy.

Shakspeare, it seems, used to put up at Mr Davenant's house in his journies between Stratford and London; and Mr Davenant being a very grave personage, though fond of the drama, and Mrs Davenant on the other hand being equally lively and beautiful, and a woman of good wit and conversation, it has been conjectured that Sir William had more reasons for the talents that were in him than the honest vintner had warrant for laying claim to. A story is related of little Davenant's being met in the streets of Oxford by an acquaintance, who, asking him where he was going in such a hurry, was told, "To see my godfather Shakspeare;" upon which the other advised him to be cautious how he took the name of God in vain.

Biographers have very properly called for proofs of this illustrious piece of gossip. Some, with not so much reason, have found a refutation of it in the manners of the time, and the opinions of the great poet of nature himself. What the manners of the time were, at least in those quarters where licence is usually to be found, the memoirs both of court and stage sufficiently inform us; and without entering any deeper into the question as to Shakspeare's opinions, there is no reason to conclude, from what he has left us of them, that such a circumstance would have been absolutely impossible. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it.

Steevens treated the report with contempt, and alleged that Davenant's face was unworthy of such a father: a strange argument! especially as Sir William, before a misadventure that happened to him, is stated to have been very handsome. Aubrey, who was conversant with him, says of his son Charles Davenant, that he inherited "his father's beauty."

On the other hand, the beauty (to say nothing of our ignorance whether Shakspeare was handsome or not), may have come from the mother: the sage Mr John Davenant might have supplied the graver part of his son's genius; or he might have been as dull as Sir John Suckling's father is said to have been, and the boy have been clever nevertheless. Besides, wit must begin with somebody. We are not to suppose that a race has been facetious ever since the Decline and Fall.

The truth seems to be, that all the surmises on this subject originated with Davenant himself. Wood, who first published them, had them from Aubrey; and Aubrey had them from Davenant. "Sir William," says he, "would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends,—e. g. Sam. Butler (author of *Hudibras*) &c.—say, that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakspeare (did), and seemed contented enough to be thought his son." Sir William hit upon the best argument to be found. It is certainly a curious coincidence, that the cast of his genius resembles a good deal what we might conceive of a minor Shakspeare. There is the same propensity to be dramatic; the same incessant activity of thought; and, consequent upon both, the same unfitness for narrative. *Gondibert* looks quite as much the son of *Venus and Adonis*, as Davenant himself might have been of Shakspeare and his Oxford beauty. His disposition too resembled Shakspeare's, in its romantic turn for friendship. He had the same wish to see fair play between things of good and ill report in this world, as may be observed by what he says in *Gondibert* of the art of war; he evinced the same sympathy with human nature in the individual, mixed with contempt for the populace as a body politic; and though he was liberal in matters of religion to a degree of scepticism (of more than which Shakspeare and his fellows were

accused in their times), he went beyond him in shewing that same inclination towards an imaginative and deserted faith, which the studiers of Shakspeare have thought they discerned in his gentle treatment of friars and the cloister. But all this, being a mixture of the lively and melancholy, might have been produced by a proper conjunction of the Saturn and Venus of the Oxford inn. Shakspeare himself had not only Shakspeares for his progenitors.

Davenant's Friendships.

There were romantic friendships in those days, which shewed better for human nature than the neutralization of everything serious which came up in Charles the Second's time. Young Milton had Deodati for his friend; Cowley, his Hervey; Suckling professed a friendship for Carew. To a volume of miscellaneous poems, Davenant prefixed the following pretty inscription:—"IF THESE POEMS LIVE, MAY THEIR MEMORIES BY WHOM THEY ARE CHERISHED, Endimion Porter, Henry Jermin, LIVE WITH THEM." With these two gentlemen he had a fast friendship for life.

The Defacement of his Beauty.

We hardly know how to touch upon this point, without disturbing that pretended delicacy which, ignorant of nothing which it conceals, only serves to encourage hypocrisy and hinder the spirit of general investigation. We must vindicate ourselves by our zeal in behalf of that spirit,—the only one fitted to blow over the whole world, and set it spinning clearly and healthily again. Davenant, at an early period of life, underwent a misfortune which must have been very mortifying to a handsome gallant. Aubrey does not mince the matter in his gossiping memorandums; but the biographers, naturally feeling the awkwardness and delicacy of the subject, have agreed upon a formula of insinuation very useful to all who come after them. They tell us, that he was so unfortunate "as to carry the tokens of his irregular gallantry" in his face; adding, that it "affected him as little, or perhaps less, than it would any other man." Let us not believe them. Such an indifference is not natural; and it would not have been honourable. No man, especially a handsome man, and one in the daily receipt of

admiration, could write of love as Davenant did, and be indelibly stamped by a spurious and fugitive imitation of it, without feeling a mortification for life. The same writers tell us, that he could not forget the authoress of his misfortune, but has introduced her in his *Gondibert*, as a black-eyed beauty of Verona.*

He laughed, it is true, because others laughed; for some of the wits were unmerciful upon him; but imagine a young poet, handsome, triumphant, with ladies contending for his admiration, and a queen performing in his *Masques* (as *Henrietta Maria* did,) and then judge of the bitterness of heart with which his vanity must have received this unconcealable and ineffaceable wound. There is one good it may have done him. It may have set him upon trains of thought in behalf of physical and moral ill, or rather in opposition to the unequal claims and pedantries of supposed exclusive good, such as have been suggested to other acute minds by some natural bodily defect. At all events, it is greatly to his honour (as it was to *Shakspeare's*, who is supposed to have been lame) that the disadvantage it put him to with the rest of the world, impaired nothing of his real spirit and good-nature, his character for cheerfulness and kindness being as indelible as his misfortune.

Our author had no other reason to complain of the sex. His deformity was so far overlooked for the sake of his wit and good qualities, that it did not hinder him from marrying two wives in succession; at what period of his life, is not related: and the Queen was so little bent upon withdrawing her countenance, that in the year 1637, on the death of *Ben Jonson*, she procured for him the office of *Poet Laureat*. We must own, we could have dispensed with the undistinguishing fondness of his widow, who, to the folio

* We are told by these "particular fellows," that she was "a handsome black girl in Axe yard, Westminster." Black, up to a late period, meant black eyes and hair. *Sir Richard Steele*, in the book of scandal (the *New Atalantis*) written by his quondam admirer *Mrs Manley*, is called a "black beau."

Some of the said investigators have doubted, from a passage in *Suckling*, whether *Davenant's* misfortune was not occasioned in France. Others think the word France introduced only for the rhyme. The probability is, that it is metaphorical.

"Will Dav'nant, asham'd of a foolish mischance,
That he had got lately, trav'ling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of 's muse
Might any deformity about him excuse," &c.

See the passage in the 'Session of the Poets.'

edition which she published of his works in 1673, prefixed a real likeness of him, with the laurel to make it worse. Nay, the laurel perhaps rather redeems than makes it worse, being the symbol of his accomplishments; but my lady Davenant might as well have left that matter to our imaginations.

*Davenant's Change of Religion; his Mission to Charles the First,
and Clarendon's invidious Remarks on it.*

On the decline of the King's forces, Davenant retired into France, where he was admitted into such confidence by the Queen, (to whom he had recommended himself by embracing her religion), that he was sent on a special mission to her husband at Newcastle. This was in the summer of 1646. The change in his religion, which looks like the only insincere act of his life (for his works all but prove him to have been a freethinker, and he was regarded as one) was probably reconciled to his conscience by some niceties of construction,—some compromise between letter and spirit, and a philosophical as well as poetical interpretation of a creed already half-pagan. The church of Rome as well as of Luther has had its Platonism; and if the Queen and his interest had not appeared to be the converters, Davenant, with Ficinus on one side of him, and the spirit that wrote 'Gondibert' on the other, might have startled Cudworth and More with a new tune on their spheres. Besides, it was very common in those unsettled times for persons to return to the creed of their ancestors. Davenant's mission to the King was to persuade him to give up the church. The poet had, in a manner, done it himself: the King knew him to be a man of great powers of reflection; and as he was in other respects agreeable to his Majesty, who delighted to shew his superiority in matters of taste over the austere notions of the Puritans, the Queen probably thought she could not have selected a better ambassador. Clarendon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and out of favour with the Queen, thought otherwise; and he has given us to understand, that his Majesty was the of same opinion. He tells us, that Davenant ("an honest man, and a witty, but in all respects inferior to such a trust") finding the message he had brought with him of no effect, took upon himself to offer some reasons in aid of it. Among other things, says Clarendon, he told the King, that "it was the opinion and

advice of all his friends:—his Majesty asking ‘What friends?’ and he answering ‘that it was the opinion of the Lord Jermyn,’ the King said ‘that the Lord Jermyn did not understand anything of the church.’ The other said, ‘the Lord Colepepper was of the same mind.’ The King said, ‘Colepepper had no religion,’ and asked ‘whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer was of that mind?’ to which he answered, ‘he did not know, for that he was not there, and had deserted the Prince; and thereupon said somewhat from the Queen, of the displeasure she had conceived against the Chancellor; to which the King said, ‘The Chancellor was an honest man, and would never desert him, nor the Prince, nor the church, and that he was sorry he was not with his son, but that his wife was mistaken.’ Davenant then offering some reasons of his own, in which he mentioned the church slightly, as if it were not of importance enough to weigh down the benefit that would attend the concession, his Majesty was transported with so much indignation, that he gave him a sharper reprehension than was usual for him to give to any other man, and forbid him to presume to come again into his presence. Whereupon *the poor man*, who had in truth very good affections, was exceedingly dejected and afflicted, and returned into France to give an account of his ill-success to those who sent him.” Clarendon insinuates that the King was not pleased at having a message of this nature committed to the manager of his plays and revels. This may or may not have been the case, according as the fortune of the message turned out; neither do we mean to dispute the main issue of it, though Clarendon does not bring forward his authorities for the truth of the statement; but readers of the ‘History of the Rebellion’ will do well to observe, that besides the passion with which the writer is apt to colour all the statements in which he is personally concerned, agreeably to his hot and proud complexion, he is never more apt to do so than when the person he differs with is a man of intellectual pretensions like himself. Of all the men of wit whom he has occasion to mention as at all differing with his opinions, public or private, he contrives to say something disparaging. Ben Jonson he leaves off visiting when a young man, because he found him becoming too full of himself; that is to say, not sensible enough of the importance of his visitor. Milton he takes care never once to allude to through-

out his history; and May's defection from the royal side he attributes to his mortification at the bestowal of the laurel upon Davenant. Possibly he was right; but the opinion would have come with more probability from any one else. In short, Clarendon is not to be trusted when speaking of men of wit and talents on the other side of the question, nor even on his own. He cannot come in contact with Montrose, without evincing in his own feelings all the impatience and self-sufficiency which he is so ready to discern in the other. The least opposition chafed him; and his readiness to deal about him his charges of pride and envy and impertinence, is more than suspicious. Let the reader therefore take for as much as it is worth that tenderness mixed with candour, which some biographers have been so ready to take upon trust from one another in his treatment of his old friend Sir William. It is difficult to think that "the poor man," as he calls him, was not thinking of a man a great deal more to be pitied, when he wrote such stanzas as the following:

"Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than she, courts by weak couns'lers err,
In adding cyphers where she made but one."

His Imprisonment.

The poem that contained this passage, was Davenant's occupation on his return to France. The cavaliers there had then little to do but to beguile the chagrin of their exile; and Davenant sat down in the Louvre, where he lived with his friend Lord Jermyn, and finished the two first books of Gondibert. These, with an impatience for fame more like a bold than a prudent soldier, he proceeded to publish without waiting for the rest; adding, to make his peril more conspicuous, the Preface addressed to Hobbes, and the philo-

* This was not for want of a burning sense of the part that Milton had acted in those times, but the reverse; for not to mention that a man like Clarendon *must* have known the powers as well as the politics of the great Defender of the English People, some letters have transpired, in which the minister, advising (if we remember) somebody against publishing or bringing forward some piece of writing, says that he knows no one whom it would please, "unless it be Mr Milton." We quote from memory, but are sure of the spirit of the passage. The consciousness and secret rage of it are evident.

sopher's answer to it. The trumpet of defiance which he blew in that Preface against the followers of Homer and Virgil, roused, in spite of its encouraging echo from the groves of Malmsbury, a host of the most worrying and not the least formidable of the retainers of orthodoxy; namely, the court wits, backed by their long walls of establishment; for, unfortunately, in those times the wits and the critics were the same people. They were not all indeed against him, but the fray appears to have been sufficient to disturb the common quiet; and whether this put him upon new thoughts of adventures, or the restless thoughts, and the hankering after a life of action, which are strongly discernible in Gondibert, would not suffer him long to sit still, he broke up his literary warfare, to turn his endeavours elsewhere. Davenant had heard of mighty improvements to be made in the loyal colony of Virginia, provided good hands could be carried thither; and accordingly, with the spirit of one of the military wanderers of old, he got together a number of industrious men in France, whose fortunes wanted mending, and embarked with them for that country in one of the ports of Normandy. He was destined however to experience more of the epic hindrance of great travellers,

——— terris jactatus et alto
Vi superum,—

and being intercepted by one of the Parliament ships of war, was taken into the Isle of Wight, and committed close prisoner to Cowes Castle. Here, with an energy which will astonish no one that has tasted of the wants of great calamities, and the strength with which they furnish us to supply them, he resumed his poem; and having written six cantos of a third book, full of his usual powers of thought, and enlivened with more fancy, he begged the reader's "leave to desist, being," as he says, "interrupted by so great an experiment as dying." This he says in a Postscript, as finely written as anything he produced, sweet and manly,—with a heart in it beating with as thoughtful yet noble pulses as ever lay down greatly to die. It is glorious to see a man's animal spirits vindicate themselves in this manner from the suspicion both of fear and levity, and shewing that the profoundest contemplations of death are not incompatible with a gallant encounter of it.

His Epitaph, and Ben Jonson's.

Davenant departed this life, a general favourite, at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn fields, on the 7th of April 1668, in the sixty-third year of his age; and was interred with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. "I was at his funerall," quoth Aubrey: "he had a coffin of wallnut-tree. Sir John Denham saide 'twas the finest coffin that ever he sawe." Upon the stone over his grave was cut, in imitation or rather echo of the epitaph on Ben Jonson, "O rare Sir William Davenant;" which is as bad as the other was good, being an impulse at second-hand.

Ben Jonson's epitaph is a genuine thing, and was done on the sudden. It appears to have been owing to a friend of Davenant and Suckling, whom we have mentioned in our account of the latter. "He lies buried," says Aubrey, speaking of Jonson, "in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, blew marble, about 14 inches square, O RARE BEN JONSON—which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted) who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cutt it."—We learn from the same authority, that Davenant lies in the south cross aisle, under a paving stone of marble.

Davenant would have shewn himself a greater poet, had he indulged less in putting philosophical reflections into verse, and given way in a greater degree to the impulses of his imagination, which were very genuine. His 'Gondibert' is better known than it used to be, in consequence of the remarks of Dr Aikin, Mr Hazlitt, and others. It is too full (as we have before observed) of the fault just mentioned, however noble the reflections are; and this, and the versification, will ever hinder it from becoming popular. The versification is heavy and clogged to an inconceivable degree, the lines being laden with spondees, which carry a fresh lump with them at every step; and this becomes tiresome, though the lumps are of gold. Among his other mistakes, it was he who, in restoring the theatre among us, was the first to bring over from the continent the seeds of that intermixture of the French and romantic drama, which

Dryden afterwards carried to such a flourishing height of absurdity ; and in such lines as the following, we think we can trace the first footsteps of the return of certain classical common-places which will be obvious to the reader. Speaking of Fletcher, he says—

'Twas he reduced Evadne from her scorne,
And taught the sad Aspasia how to mourne;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad reliefe;
And made Panthea elegant in grieve.

His most unexceptionable beauties, setting aside a few most noble ones in 'Gondibert,' are to be found in his miscellaneous poems ; some of which, whether for delicacy of feeling, force of imagery, or strength and sweetness of verse, are, we think, not to be surpassed. We must close this paper with a few specimens.

TO THE QUEEN, ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF
ANGLESEY.

" Faire as unshaded light ; or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet, as the altars smoak, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swel'd by the early dew ;
Smooth, as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard :
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre,
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are :
You that are more, then our discreter feare
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here ?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much-injur'd sphere,
And t' ease the travailes of her beames to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light."

Another little poem, in a similar strain, but still finer, addressed to Lady Olivia Porter, his friend's wife, appeared the other day in the first number of the 'Keepsake.'

In the Elegy on the Earl of Rutland :—

" Thy bounties if I name ; I'll not admit,
Kings when they love, or woove, to equall it :
It shew'd like Nature's self, when she doth bring
All she can promise by an early spring ;
Or when she payes that promise where she best
Makes summers for mankind ; in the rich east.
And, as the wise sun silently employes
His lib'rall beames, and ripens without noise ;

As precious dewes doe undiscover'd fall,
 And growth insensibly doth steale on all;
 So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
 (As in the dark) from one that had no name;
 Like fayries wealth, not given to restore,
 Or if reveal'd, it visited no more."

The following is another specimen of the style in which the Queen was complimented. We here see Henrietta, with her beautiful black eyes, painted to the life, and the King's uxoriousness made noble. It is at the beginning of some lines to the Earl of Portland, on the marriage of his son.

"My Lord, this night is yours! each wand'ring star
 That was unbusi'd, and irregular,
 Most gravely now his bright companion leads,
 To fix o're your glad roofe their shining heads;
 And it is said, th' exemplar king's your guest;
 And that the rich-ey'd darling of his breast
 (To ripen all our joys) will there become
 The music, odor, light of ev'ry roome!"

No man has written finer hyperboles on women; in which we find a certain natural track of philosophy, and a charming taste of nature. The following is out of an elegy on a friend's mistress.

— "Lovers (whose wise senses take delight
 In warm contaction, and in real sight)
 Are not with lean imagination fed,
 Or satisfi'd with thinking on the dead.
 'Tis fit we seek her then; but he that finds
 Her out, must enter friendship with the winds;
 Enquire their dwelling and uncertain walks;
 Whither they blow, from their forsaken stalks
 Flowers that are gone, ere they are smelt? or how
 Dispose o'th' sweeter blossoms of the bough:
 For she (the treasuress of these) is fled,
 Not having the dull leasure to be dead;
 But t'hoord this wealth; return, and this wealth bring
 Still vary'd, and increas'd in ev'ry spring."

TWO SIMILES.

"Cold as the feet of rocks; silent in shade
 As Chaos lay, before the winds were made."

See also the *song* beginning—

"O whither will you lead the fair
 And spicy daughter of the morn?"

—a dialogue between *Endymion Porter* and *Olivia*,—the *Dying Lover*,—the *Philosopher* and the *Lover*, &c. and the magnificent verses to his friend, beginning with those fine pauses—

“ It is,—lord of my muse and heart,—since last
Thy sight inspir'd me, many ages past.”

But with these, if the printer can find room for them, we will terminate, as with a piece of noble music, the entertainment which our romantic poet has afforded us.

TO ENDYMION PORTER.

“ It is,—lord of my muse and heart,—since last
Thy sight inspir'd me, many ages past.
In darkness, thick as ill-met clouds can make,
In sleeps wherein the last trump scarce could wake
The guilty dead, I lay, and hidden more
Than truth, which testy disputants explore;
More hid than paths of snakes, to their deep beds;
Or walks of mountaine-springs from their first heads.
And when my long-forgotten eies, and mind,
Awak'd, I thought to see the sun declin'd
Through age, to th' influence of a star; and men
So small, that they might live in wombes agen,
But now, my strength's so giantly, that were
The great hill-lifters once more toying here,
They'd choose me out, for active back, for bone,
To heave at Pælion first, and heave alone.
Now by the softness of thy noble care,
Reason and light my lov'd companions are;
I may too, ere this moon be lost, refine
My blood, and bathe my temples with thy wine;
And then, know, my Endymion, (thou whose name
To the world example is, music to fame)
I'll trie if art, and nature, able be
From the whole strength, and stock of poesie,
To pay thee my large debts; such as the poor,
In open blushes, hidden hearts restore.”

YES AND NO.

[The following little natural effusion is one of the most celebrated from the pen of Marot, and made a "great sensation" among the gallants of his time. He alludes to it himself in a famous couplet, often quoted as a motto to his works:

Et tant que Ouy et Nenny se dira,
Par l'univers le monde me lira.

As long as Love says Yes and No,
The universe shall read Marot.

Marot is worth dozens of the French modern poets, even of their "Augustan age." The verses appeared in a court, and were very good and useful for that region; but for our parts, who love the practice of sincerity and kindness without alloy, we lovè a woman to give way to the genuine impulses of her heart, and to say "Yes" precisely as she means it.]

Un doux Nenni, avec un doux sousrire,
Est tant honneste; il le vous faut apprendre:
Quant est d'Ouy, si veniez a le dire,
D'avoir trop dit je voudrois vous reprendre.
Non que je sois ennuyé d'entreprendre
D'avoir le fruit, dont le desir me poinct;
Mais je voudrois, qu'en le me laissart prendre,
Vous me disiez, "Non, vous ne l'aurez point."

O sweet No, no,—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl:—I'd have you learn it.
As for plain Yes, it may be said, i'faith,
Too plainly and too oft:—pray well discern it.
Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or baulk the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, "No, no,—I will not let you."

BROTHER LUBIN.*

(FROM MAROT.)

To shuffle to town twenty times in a day,
 Why or wherefore no one can tell,
 To do any thing which nobody may,
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 But in a right conversation to dwell,
 Or in a life that's wholesome withal,
 That's for the Christians that heed the gospel;
 Brother Lubin will not do at all.

To put (in a proper, thief-like style)
 Another man's property in his own cell,
 And leave you without either cross or pile,
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 To get and to keep he proceedeth pell-mell,
 And on his creditors loudly to call;
 But to restore what might fill a nut-shell,
 Brother Lubin will do not at all.

To lure some young damsel, by dint of a tongue,
 Out of the fair house where she doth dwell,
 No need of a crone that ought to be hung;
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 Sermons with him are not things to spell:
 But to drink clear good water, pray call
 Your dog to drink it, for I can foretell
 Brother Lubin will not drink it at all.

ENVOY.

Sooner than good to do ill withal,
 Brother Lubin hath a natural call;
 But if there's any good work to pursue,
 Brother Lubin is one that won't do.

* This is one of the squibs with which Marot used to annoy the friars. They who have seen a coarse, fat, sly-looking lay-brother of a convent jogging towards a city in Italy in his dirty drugget on a hot day, will recognize the sort of person aimed at.

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